JACK DINSMORE'S
JOY BOOK
THE REGULAR FELLOWS MONTHLY

JULY 1922 PRICE TWO BITS



"BE YOURSELF JACK!"

JACK DINSMORE'S

JOY BOOK

Regular Fellow's Monthly

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JACK DINSMORE, *Editor*

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STOLEN YOUTH

An Editorial by Jack Dinsmore

Surely the most-to-be-pitied human creature on earth is the Woman Who Never Had a Sweetheart.

Husbands many of them have, and Breadwinners, and Heads of the House.



But many a hapless daughter of Eve suddenly awakens at thirty to find that she has never been made love to in the moonlight.

MANY OF THESE SWEET DADDIES AREN'T VERY FATHERLY IN A PINCH.

This is the saddest spectacle on earth. The Hunger of the Heart that has never been aroused and never been fulfilled.

It's all well and good about the Sweet Maiden in the Gingham Gown being married to her Father's Bookkeeper at the age of eighteen.

But at thirty, she suddenly discovers that she has fine blue eyes and no one has ever told her how blue they were.

So she suddenly becomes an adorer of Movie Idols. Or she goes in for Hindu Mysticism, or Poets with Dandruff.

But the thing that she really wants is the thing she has never gotten.

Every woman on earth has the inalienable right not only to a husband and marriage—but to a few Sweethearts playing at random and in competition before marriage.

A MODERN PROPOSAL

He: Will you marry me?

She: No. Got a cigarette?

PATRICK, THE GOOD NATURED POLICEMAN

Patrolman Patrick forth I drag
From his obscure retreat:
He was a merry genial Wag
Who loved a mad conceit.

If he were asked the time of day
By country Reubens green,
He not unfrequently would say,
"A quarter past thirteen."

If ever you inquired of him
The way to Astor Place,
He'd send you off to Yonkers
With a smile upon his face.

The little boys along his beat
He pulled their ears in play,
He loved to send old ladies wrong
And teach their feet to stray.

But to the Ward Boss Pat would bow,
On him The Gang did dote,
And at Election, on his beat,
No Democrat could vote.

He lost his job one fateful day,
His time as Cop was brief;
They took his badge and stick away
And then they made him Chief.

—Ignatz

HOTEL RATES IN NEW YORK

$10 a day for a room, a bath and a house detective.

KISS ME SAMBO!

Salesman Sam Goldberg tells me that, of all the intolerant church influences now prevailing in America, the Methodist Church South is the most reformistic of all.

But there is one form of Methodism that I like—Nigger Methodism.

There is real Passion in Nigger Methodism, real Spiritual Frenzy. When a black Bambino jumps into



the river up to the razor-mark on his neck and hollers "Glory, I'm saved!" he feels, bretheren, he feels.

Little Ignatz says his best girl is like a kewpie: Dumb but cute.

Anyway, Sam tells me he one day found himself Sundaying in a one-horse burg in Alabama, where they were still voting for Stephen Douglas for president.

The Joy Book agent was drunk over Sunday and couldn't entertain him. There were no lynchings scheduled.

So Sam drifted into a Negro Church.

He heard the pastor declaim: "Now Bretheren and Sistern, de service being obah, all in de congregation will now stand up and say dat each ob us do all forgive de oders de sins dey all hab committed dis yah week pas'."

Everybody stood up—everybody except one little highbrown matron.

"Mandy, inquired the pastor, "why fo' don' yo' all stan' up —Don' yo' fohgive de Bretheren and Sistern their sins?"

And right then and there Mandy stood up and yelled:

"Now all you niggahs lissen to me. Foh two years I've been affiliated wid' dis yah chuch. All I heahs every Sunday is 'Sin and Fohgive,' 'Sin and Fohgive'—and Ise gwine tuh say right now and once foh all I aint gonna do no moh fohgivin till I get a chance at some of dat Sinin!"

They WERE the Good Old Days. Just think of it—A Can of Beer for 5c!

ATTABOY'S BULLY BREEZE

By "Duke" Attaberry

Well Gang, I guess that you are all about 2/4 dead curiosity wondering what is happening to me to keep me from blowing the ol' Bully Breeze in your face regular.

I guess you serious-minded readers thought I had followed the lead of the rest of our Best Citizens, taken up Bootlegging, and retired already with my pile.

Nope. What has happened to me has got a Bootlegger's life beat worse than Fatty beat the State in his last Trial.

To start off with, I have left Tia Juana flatter than a bottle of Near Beer, which is the flattest thing in the world excecpting a Bluenose's skull.

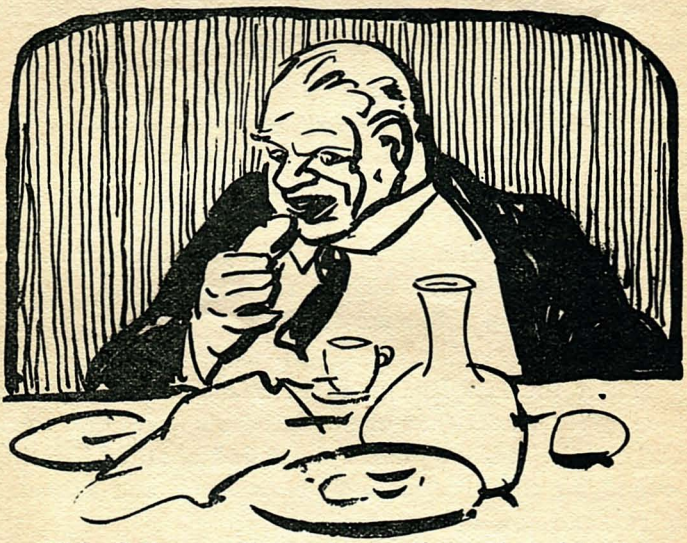
After the last Racing Meet finished in Tia Juana, things were deader than one of Landru's wives or a Puritans' Picnic. So I figured I must find another Hunting Ground for the ol' Breeze to blow from, and I hauled freight, and now for the Big Kick.

I am now getting my mail and female in the great blunderland of Follywood, California, where they make movies by day and scandals by night.

A WEDDING RING IS THE GOLD BAND THAT PLAYS THAT SOUR TUNE.

From now on, the Breeze will blow from this Land of the Free and Home of the Crave. Instead of following the Four-Legged Ones in Tia Juana, I will be following the Two-Legged Ones in Follywood. Which suits my fancy much better, even though it does seem to be my luck to always run into the Hungry Flappers.

Before I go any further with my Horrors of Follywood, I will have to give you a knockdown to my Partner in Slime, who will be the Cat's Meow in most of my Breezes.



This Cellar-smeller and myself are close friends and Smith and Wife, but he is better known to the gang as Alec the Cake Eater.

Ths Cellar-smeller and myeslf are close friends and we came from Tia Juana together. Yea. bo, he's a close friend indeed. He sure is the Kitten's Kuffs for economy.

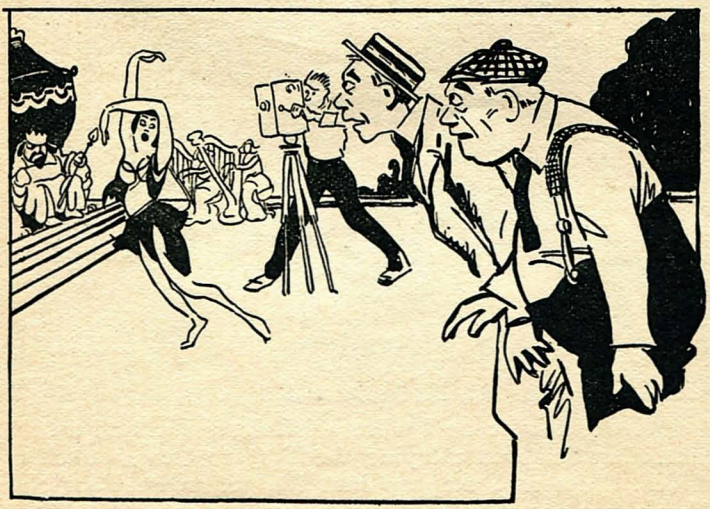
Tony Zebatski, Joy Book Artist, is so dumb he thinks Sir Walter Scott was an emulsion manufacturer.

He wouldn't give a nickel to see John the Baptist ride a bicycle.

Alec has his fingernails cut so short that he can't pick up a check in a restaurant. An' he always takes along a table cloth when he goes to a Cafe, so he don't have to pay the cover charge.

This squirrel's last and best is a new method by which he saves fifteen cents every time he eats in a Cafeteria. He orders olives and eats them before he gets to the cashier.

The above is a fair description of my closest friend and partner in crime, Alec, and now that I have got that off my chest, leaving nothing but the Mustard Plaster, I herewtih spring Surprise No. 3659784, which is the Big Thrill of the Breeze.



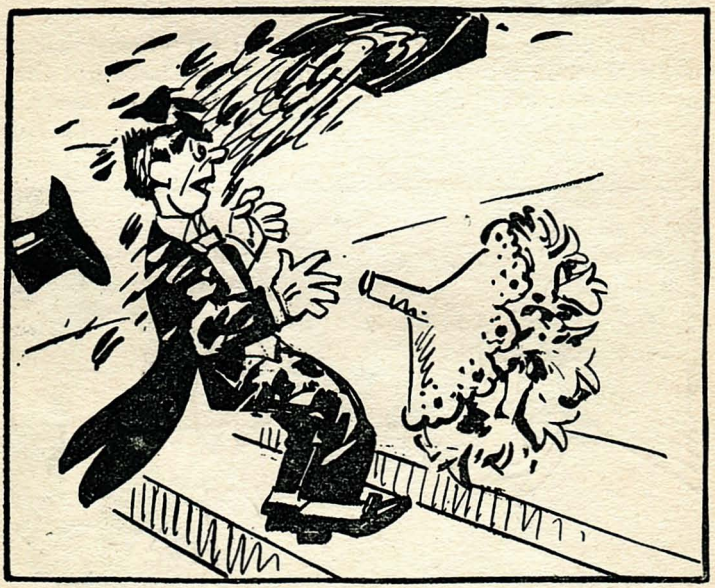
Me and Alec have gone into the movies.

If I'm kidding you, I hope you'll drink some of the same stuff I drank last night and die.

Alec is Wardrobe Manager for the Max Sendus Bathing Beauties—which job isn't as soft as it sounds.

Yours Truly, of course, tried to grab a job playing The Great Lover opposite Gloria Swanson or Mae Murray. -But I couldn't make the grade even though I offered to pay for the job.

I never will forget my first day in the movies. I was supposed to be in love with a swell-loooking Tomato Can an' I was supposed to call on her in her beautiful



home. In this scene I wore a full-dress suit and a high black hat and was carrying the Tomato Can a bunch of lillies. Just as I stepped into the set, some Poor Sap threw two shovelfulls of dirt in my face.

Mrs. Dingleberry: "How long have you been drinking?"
Balzoff: "Ever since it's been a crime."

Alec is working in Custard Pie Comedies so he can get his meals free.

Well Gang, I'll take the air for this time. But be sure and don't drink any wood alcohol between now and next month. Wait and get a whiff of the Bully Breeze, which will knock you stiffer than any Undertaker's Delight you can buy from a Bootlegger.

A HIGHTONE HASHERY

On my last visit to New York a couple weeks ago, I loped down to the Bowery near the river front in search of atmosphere.

I found myself hungry. Casting my eye around the row of Quick and Dirties that were doing business around the ferry station, I picked out the most tolerable one.

Now, readers, I have eaten hartack and bilge water at sea and caboose biscuit on a railroad—but this bean emporium was just simply the nastiest one I ever saw.

But I'm an editor, not a hero. And I didn't have the nerve to walk out on the joint. So I ordered a cup of coffee.

The hash queen brought a thick nauseous liquid in a cup as thick and heavy as a pot.

"Where's the saucer?" I asked her.

"Listen kid," she replied, "you aint in no lowclass bowery dump now like maybe you think, see. You're in the swellest stuffjoint on Second Avenue. Saucers—we don't give no saucers. If we did, some lowbrow would come blowin' in and drink out of his saucer, and we'd lose a lot of our swell trade.

THE WORLD'S FIRST CAKE EATER

"What—because thou art virtuous, shall we have no cakes and ale?!"—Shakespeare's Sir John Falstaff.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

By Tom Moore

(The Irish Minstrel. Author of The Last Rose of Summer)

The time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing,
The light that lies
In Woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.

Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I've scorned the lore it brought me,
My only books
Were Woman's looks,
And Folly's all they taught me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For lovely eyes
Again to set it glowing?

No, vain alas th' endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever;
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

JACK DINSMORE'S GIRLS

(A new Series to be run monthly in the Joy Book, whereby the Customers will reap the Benefit of the Editor's experience in Feminine Psychology)



1. MYRTLE, The Irresistible Gold Digger

I like Myrtle, don't you ever think I don't.

I am entirely hep to her Technique. Which doesn't prevent me from buying her an Article of Apparel once in a while.

But what a lovely thing Myrtle is. She is false, say you.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING A FISH:
No matter how fast you swim, you never sweat.

Yes, she is false. But she is Effective. Myrtle has made a profound study of the Art of Feminine Appearance in the same way that Milton made a profound study of the Art of Poetry—and she has produced a Masterpiece.

I am sure that she is the Despair of the Minister in her Home Town. For Myrtle is blonde, and round, and provocative. And she wears rakish black hats over one ear.

Myrtle unmistakably has a Personality. She is the Old Buck's Idea of Heaven; Billy Sunday's Idea of Hell; My Idea of What Makes Life Worth Living.

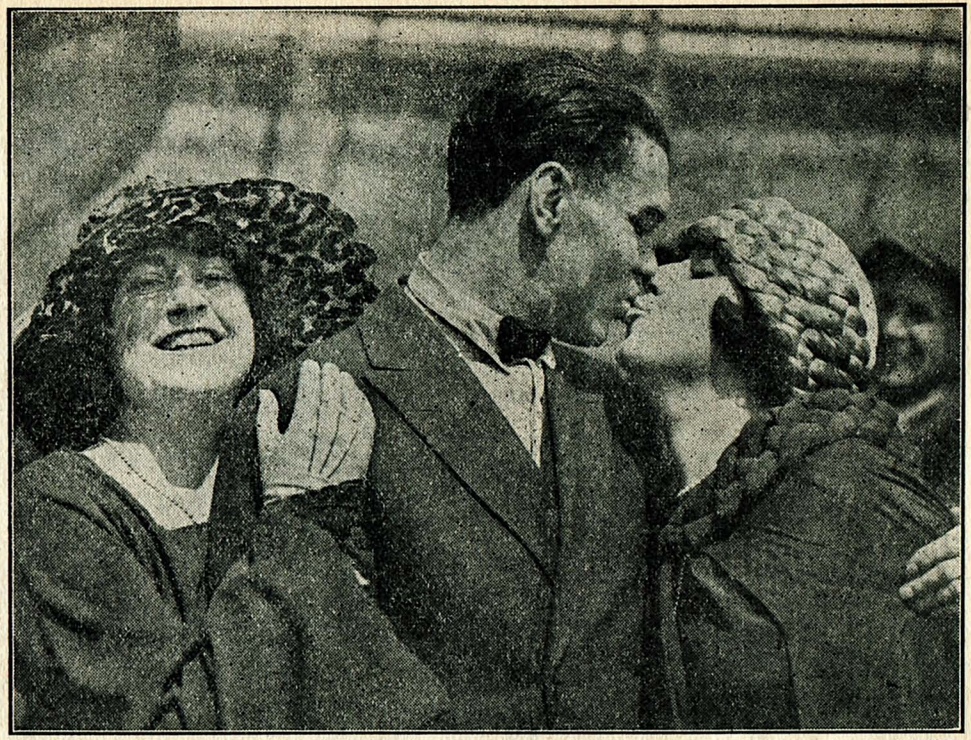
No, Myrtle isn't Intellectual. She has no more conception of what the Emergence of the Subconscious is than little Ignatz, the Joy Book Shipping Clerk, has about the Lives of the Saints.

But she has a knowledge that is much better—and deeper. She knows Men. She knows us in all our Sentimentality and all our Vanity.

So Myrtle works me—and makes me like it!

(Next Month: Winnie and her Innocent Seductions.)

Councilman August Kraut is so crazy about horse-racing, he even married a nag.

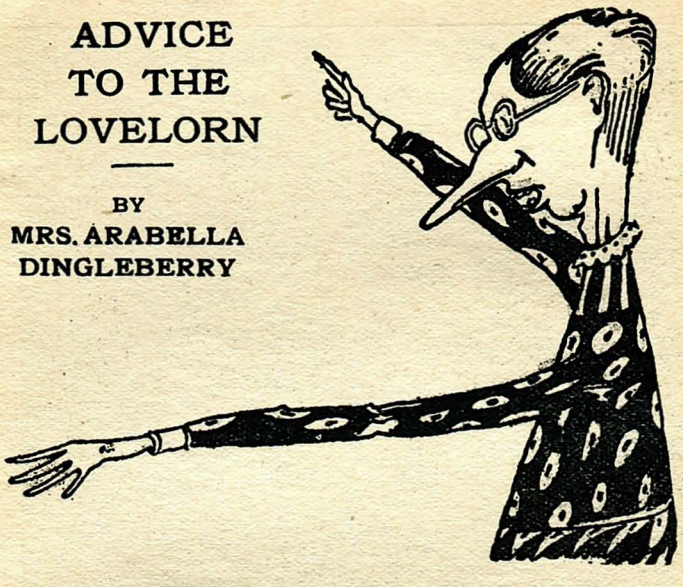


JACK TAKES A SMACK

Further evidence that Kid Dempsey sure can sock it in.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

BY
MRS. ARABELLA DINGLEBERRY



Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My wife eloped last week with a movie actor. What shall I do? —George Jimjam

Move and leave no address. She might return to you.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: What is fried ice?
—Homely Housewife

Hot Water.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: I want to break into the movies but have heard that the Directors are very Wicked. I am going anyway. What is your comment?
—Cute Cornelia.

They all go anyway. That's why they go.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: The handsome young man next door wants to take me out riding in the country in his motorcycle. What is your advice? —May Mugg.

Nothing less than a Packard.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: My Sweetie broke a date with me last Saturday night to sit in a poker game. Wadye think of that? —Dolorous Dolly.

He's a wise gook, Dolly. In a poker game he might finish money ahead.

Bereaved Bertha. 7,981,276 girls undergo the same calamity that you did every year.

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: When were you married?

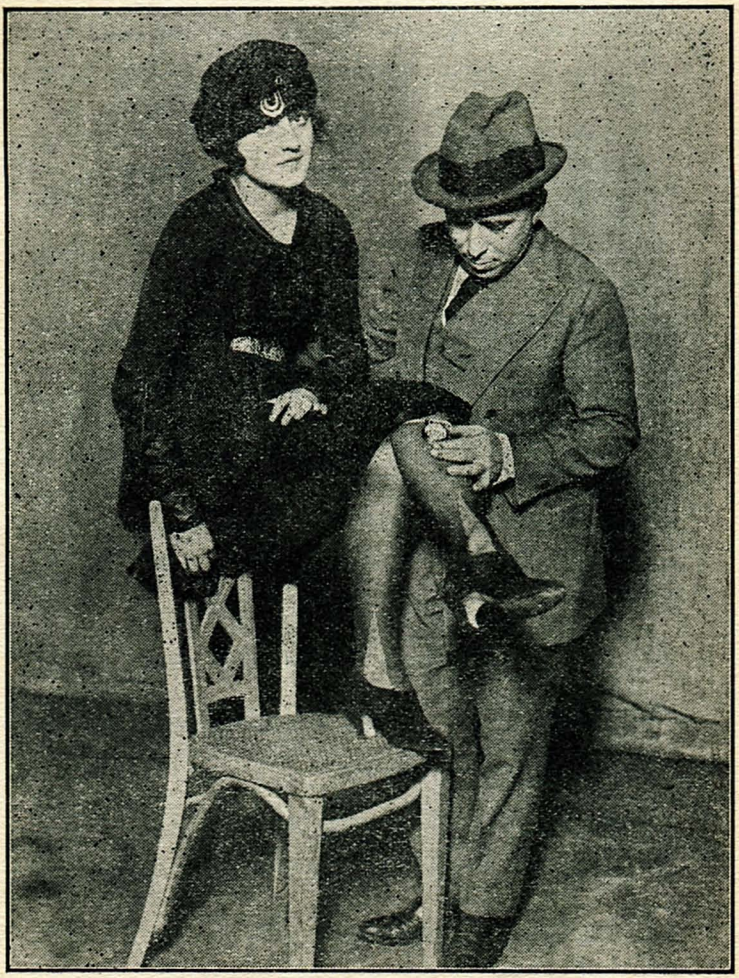
Usually in June.

Gertie Giggles: Don't you believe him!

Dear Mrs. Dingleberry: If reincarnation were possible, what would you advise a young man of twenty to become?

A cake of Soap in Pola Negri's bath tub.

PEEKABOO TIME



Leg watches are the latest fashion craze of our flappers
(Wide World Photos)

A RONDEL OF THE INSIDIOUS EROS

By Jack Dinsmore

(Written at the age of 20, when I was studying Mediaeval Verse Forms in my Sophomore year.)

Love came upon us unawares,
He laid a flowery ambush for us,
He cast his crafty network oe'r us,
And caught us in his wilding snares;
We listened to his dulcet airs
Till they became a hunter's chorus—
Love came upon us unawares,
He laid a flowery ambush for us.
So now we pluck his golden tares
In this strange land to which he bore us,
We wish not that he should restore us
To our old haunts, for now who cares
Love came upon us unawares.

FASHION NOTE:

LONG WHISKERS ARE BEING VERY MUCH WORN. YOU DON'T NEED GARTERS. ALSO, THEY RETAIN THE AROMA.

BETTY COMPSON



The long and languorous temptress of the movies

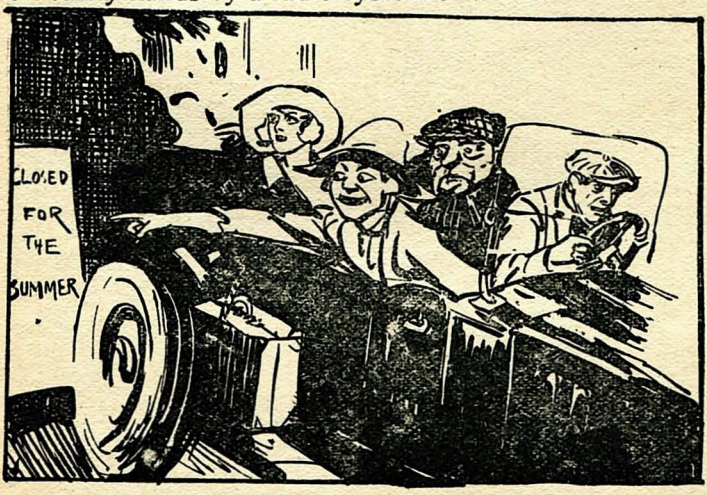
THE WISE CRACKS OF CORNELIUS KRAUT
No. 6536B

Yessum, a smart little egg is Cornelius.

If his Old Gent could say the Right Thing at the Right Time half as often in the Cleveland City Council as does Cornelius, we'd have a new Union Depot in Cleveland.

Last Sunday, the Councilman, his healthy hausfrau Katrina, myself and darling little Cornelius were out riding in Kraut's Ford sedan.

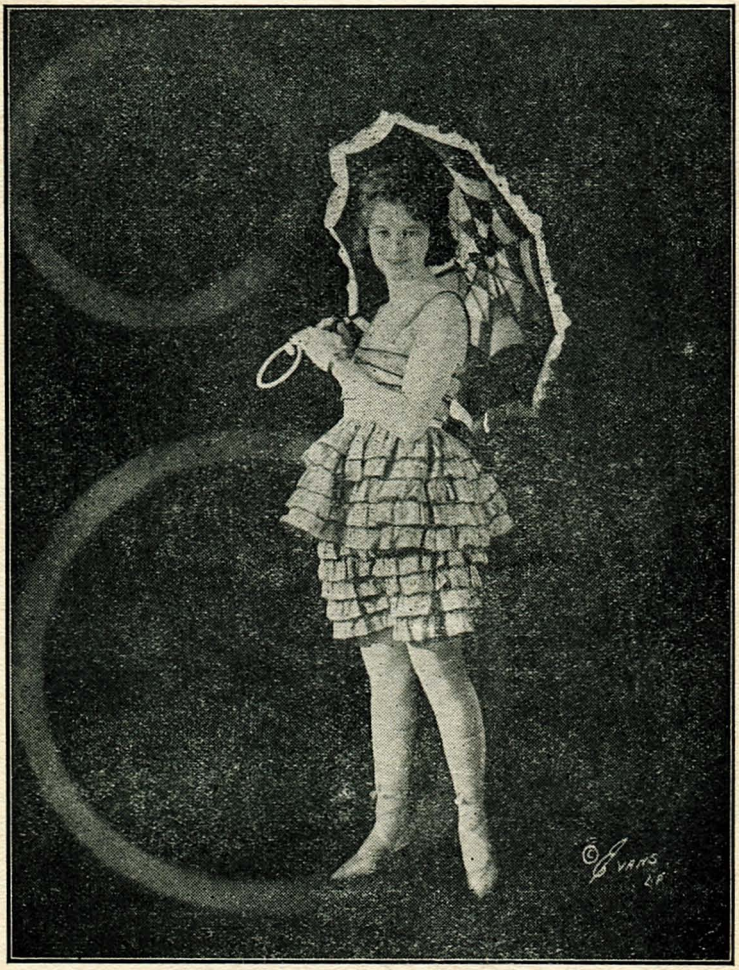
All the previous night at the poker game, Sweet Little Cornelius had sat in back of me and tipped his pater off to my hands by a radio system of winks.



I got hep to the system at 2 A. M., gave the kid a bust in the puss and told him he wouldn't get his usual Sunday four-bit piece from me this week.

But Cornelius is crafty. He tried to get on the right side of me all day Sunday by working me through my Vanity.

JESSIE FOX



Has a good enough figure to star in Christie Comedies

Editors and women, you know.

We passed a Baptist Church on Euclid Avenue, whose pastor is one of the most influential men in Ohio politics. He has been agitating in Cleveland newspapers to have our American League ball games barred on Sunday. He is now lobbying an anti-cigarette bill in the state legislature at Columbus.

In front of the church was a sign reading CLOSED FOR THE SUMMER.

"Huh," grunted Cornelius, as we passed the sign, "God has gone to the Country."

He got his four bits.

AIN'T NATURE GRAND ?

They wandered in the moonlight,
Two sweethearts, hand in hand,
Said he, "Ain't Nature wonderful!"
Said she, "Ain't Nature grand!"

The family parson married them,
For a quart of Contraband,
And they packed their grip for a wedding trip,
I say, "Ain't Nature grand!"

And now they dwell in a three room cell,
They've found the promised land,
And every night she sighs and says
"Oh John, ain't nature grand!"

But married life has cheers and woes
As we all understand,
For now they have a pair of twins,
Oh boy, ain't Nature grand!

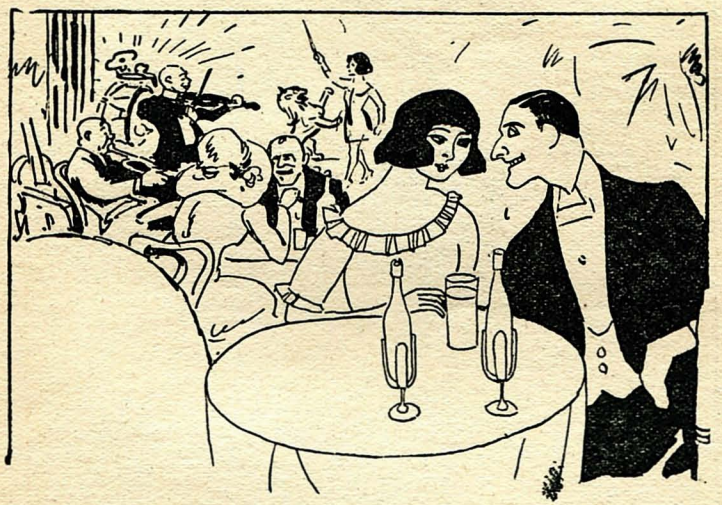
AGNES AYRES



A movie critic called her the "Unbelievable Beauty."

REVIEW OF THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

The gladsome summer is here tra la. Broadway is deserted. The shows and cabarets are empty. The Sports and their Sweeties have departed for the sandy Sea Shores, where the beauties of Nature are manifest in the Noble Horizons of One-piece Bathing Girls.



Ye Editor of Joy Book is left alone on Broadway reviewing in his mind the frolicsome winter and spring that hath just closed; the shows he hath seen, the Blondes he hath cuddled and the Alcohol he hath absorbed.

THE HEIGHT OF USELESSNESS

An armless man at the Automat Lunch

CHARLOTTE BOYLE



The towheaded "zaftig" who is the champion woman swimmer.
(Wide World Photos)

As to the shows: I hereby attest before my Notary Public whose commission expired in 1787 that I have seen every production that was put on the boards in Gotham during the season of 1921-1922, from Highbrow Tragedy at $3.39 per seat to Lowdown Comedy at $4.84. As a season, it was the biggest frost I have ever known.

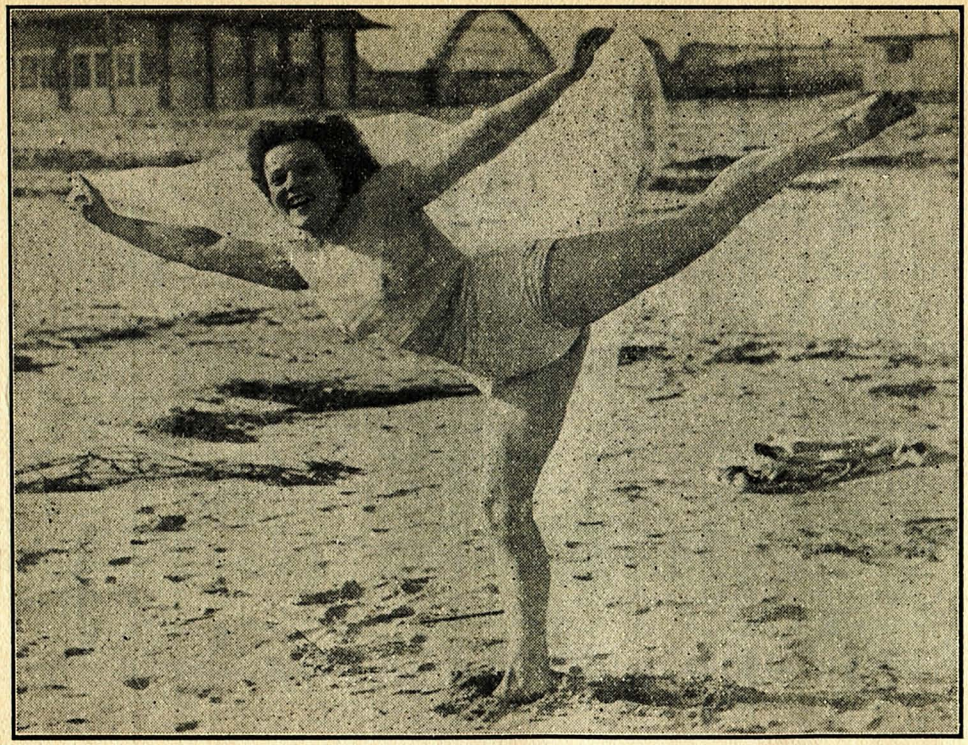
The best show I saw was Bobby Clark's Burlesque Show at the Columbia. The two seats for Winnie and myself came to only $2.20 and we laughed so hard that I had to buy myself a new pair of suspenders and Winnie a new pair of Them Things.

Both of us depose that Bobby Clark's act with the lion (a real one) and his prize fight with the 350 pound Champion (where did they ever get him) were funnier than all of the Puns of the Authorized Comedians put together.

The worst show of the season I insist was a Profound Tragedy yclept The Truth About Blayds, wherein, after three hours of Tall Talk by the English Actress Alexandra Carlisle, the Customers from Indiana were to be convinced that Art is More Important than Gold.

BALZOFF'S NURSERY RHYMES

Mary had a little flask,
She kept it on her hip,
And every time she took a bath,
She grabbed a little nip.



IDA SCHNALL

Famous lady athlete is an advocate of the "let the ozone strike your skin" policy
(Wide World Photo)

The best serious play put on in New York during the season, I think, was one that hardly anyone saw. It was a little drama by Arnold Bennet put on by the Theatre Guild entitled What the Public Wants. The man who wrote the show knew what he was talking about.

The best after-the-theatre place at present (if you can get into it, which you can't unless you've got a Drag like a Horse because all the Swells reserve the tables early) is Gil Boag's Rendezvous where Gilda Gray dances her peerless shimmy dance.

It's the best because (1) the police hauled Gilda Gray out in a patrol Wagon on the opening night for giving a performance contrary to Public Morality (2) because all the Knowing Ones go there and (3) because Gil Boag who runs it let me entertain a party consisting of myself, Winnie, Steve Clow, Broadway's leading Inside Dopster, Carlo de Fornaro, the famous cartoonist of the New York Times, and Benjamin de Casseres, the finest and subtlest writer on Philosophy in America—and after I got them all Corned to the Ears, Gil Boag presented me with a check for $1.06.

CALLIMACHUS BALZOFF WENT INTO A SALOON TO GET A CIGAR AND SOMEONE STEPPED ON HIS HAND.

WE ARE LOST!

—or—

WHY THE CAPTAIN STAGGERED

A Sea Story

By Callimachus Balzoff, The Joy Book Genius

"And what, demanded the Captain of the good ship Corkscrew, "is that wriggling object on the Horizon?"

"Ah Captain," quoth the Mate sadly, " 'tis but a Nervous Wreck."

"Enough Minion," thundered the Captain. "Go below and summon Lizzie, the shimmying Mermaid that she may verily shake a wicked tail before my eyes. Besides, I love my music and would fain go over the Scales."

At once appeared Lizzie the Mermaid, the daugther of Neptune and the Sweetheart of Many Fish.

The Captain whispered something in her ear.

"No, you Brute!" she cried, "do I look like a Piano Mover. Of course I won't give you a bath!"

But alas! Scarcely had she spoken, when the ship rocked from end to end by the force of a mighty explosion.

"Save the Women and Bootleggers first!" roared the Captain, as the ship slowly sank beneath him.

For days he drifted about the briny deep.

At last, when he had mental pictures of St. Peter going through the books to see whether he should be presented with a harp or a coal shovel, he reached the hot sands of a long, smooth beach.

NEVER MIND BOYS

We'll all shoot craps at Old Doc Craft's funeral yet.

He thanked the Lord that he had been saved from the sharks, and that thereby some lucky shark escaped an acute case of alcoholic poisoning.

The beach was hot and dry. The Captain bethought himself that his business should be good here.

In other words, before this unwelcome contact with water, the Captain had been one of those Merchants who, for ten berries a quart, furnished a Bonded Whiskey Label and Permanent Relief from Prohibition. His Remedy, he claimed, regardless of the ailment, would straighten anyone out. It usually did—on a marble slab.

The Captain slept for hours. Upon awakening, he discerned at the far end of the beach, a crowd that was rapidly taking on the appearance of a young Race Riot.

"Curses," he cried, "I shall away to the scene of yon disturbance, and perhaps I shall discover where the Wild Waves have cast me."

Pushing his way through the Madding Crowd, his gaze fell upon a sign. On it in bold and glittering letters were inscribed the following words:

A GOLD MEDAL TO THE MAN WHO CAN TELL OF AN ACT THAT HAS MOST BENEFITED HUMANITY.

"Gentlemen and Whosever Wives you have with you," gargled the Captain. "years ago I was sailing on the good ship Corkscrew. I beheld a man struggling desperately with the Wild Waves. Three times he went down. At last, as he came up for the third time, I could stand it no longer. Seizing my trusty telescope I gazed

WHAT DO I CARE?

If I lose my Sweetheart, I've still got my wife.

at his face. It was Dr. Joykill and Mr. Hyde, the world's greatest Anti-everything Leader and Crape Hanger. Pain was written all over his dried-up face and his blue nose was a deathly blue. Casting off my shoes, I bravely leaped to his rescue. For hours we struggled in a storm-lashed ocean and at last, when all hope seemed gone——"

"You saved him!" gasped the impassioned crowd.

"Ah no, my Friends, "said the Captain sadly, "I pushed him under for Good."

Almost as one man, the Judges arose. The Captain got the medal."



"And perhaps," he asked, you would tell me where I am."

Little Ignatz put on his Sunday clothes and Tony Zebatski called the Fire Department.

"Yes, my Brave Bimbo," came the answer. "This is Zion City."



"What a beautiful Ocean," sighed the Captain, as he once more flung himself into it.

Finis.

OVERHEARD IN THE JOY BOOK OFFICE:

Callimachus Balzoff: Why is an elephant like a piece of apple pie?

Mrs. Dingleberry: I can't guess, Darling; why?

Balzoff: Because neither of them can climb a tree.

PUGILISTS IN PICADILLY

Monthly Sport Review by Jazbo DeVinney

Eggs with cauliflowered ears cannot fatten up the lean old bank roll by renting a berth on an Atlantic steamer and beating it for London.

Johnny P. Kilbane who holds the featherweight championship tighter than a bootlegger holds his "Eight Year Old" tried it out this year and is back.

He is back with a dent in his Cash Box that is making him think of entering the boxing racket again for real money. Yea Oscar, it's a hard game trying to pick up something for nothing over yon.

Jack Dempsey, leading Socker of them all, took a trip to Europe in May. He got his name in the papers but my Gawd, Girls, you can't buy silk panties by having your name in the papers. Jack made half a hit with Peggy Joyce, the bejeweled Jezebel that has got 'em all kookoo. He saw her in Paris after some Seed had knocked himself off because he had gone dippy about Peg.

Jack got to London in time to see Georges Carpentier rock to sleep the well known London hebrew, Ted

Cabbage to Cabbage
Slaw to Slaw,
She broke my heart
And I broke her jaw.

Lewis; right name not known here. That scrap lasted two minutes and showed there are as many fish in the London seas as there are in the American lakes.

Jack wore his Tuxedo to the ringside and they say he did not act like a head waiter.

Anyhow Jack did not pick up many extra shillings on his trip across. But he told the Lunnon fish that he will be back in September. Looks like Jack saw a few bucks laying around loose that were not nailed down.

Well, if at first you don't succeed get a Self Starter.

Jack probably figures he can be sent into the ring with Carpentier, the big Frog when he gets back to England in September and the Cockneys can see the Jersey City fight without going to the movies for it. It will be a bad night for the Frenchman if that is the game to be worked. But it will be a hard night on the overtaxed Londoners' pocket books if Dempsey and his manager Kearns can put over such a party.

And yet they shoot men like Lincoln and men like me have to work for Dinsmore.

Well, boys, here it is July and it won't be long before the fall and winter sets of goofs in the big village of New York will be swarming up to the doors of Madison Queer Garden with their dough in their fins clamoring to get in to see a couple of Hard Guys beat each other up. It takes a lot of funny guys to make Manhattan island.

And still they say Bryan is wrong when he says a Monkey did not start the Whole Works.

Barber: "Who trimmed you last?"

Dinsmore: "A big Blonde."

TROUBLES IN THE JOY BOOK SHIPPING ROOM

Little Ignatz has working for him in our shipping room a cockeyed Swede by the name of Larson who is the clumsiest thing that ever came out of North Dakota.

The other day Larson backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes.

There were sympathetic sighs and wails through our shipping room. Everybody there thought some Servant Girl had lost her sweetheart forever.



The whole shipping staff rushed downstairs—only to find castiron-jointed Larson picking himself up unharmed from the mess of muck and twine and excelsior.

"Mister Ignatz, Boss," cadged the Swede caressingly, "you no need bane mad for me. Ay had to come down for nails anyway."

THE SERVICE OF LOVE

by Bob Underwood

Editors Note: Joy Book will hereafter run a short story every month. Many of our readers like a half-hour's continuous reading. In accordance with our policy, we give our patrons only the best. There isn't a better short-story writer in the English-speaking world today than Bob Underwood.)

The morning sunshine flooded the Van Vyck estate on Long Island. Helen Van Vyck, twenty six, golden haired, svelte and lissome of figure, raised her flower-like face to be kissed by her elderly husband, Did we say the lady was lissome, so was her husband—lissome as a ton of brick. He stooped to brush her forehead with his whitened moustche.

"I shall be back in a few hours," he announced, and presently was driving away in the huge Rolls-Royce limousine.

With a smile on her red mouth, Helen walked through the spacious grounds to where the new Italian garden was just being finished.

Eric Kilborne, who had recently attained the dignity of twenty-one years, a small black moustache consisting of 31 hairs and a salary from his father, a manufacturer of ice wagons, came to greet his multi-millionaire employer. He played at being a landscape architect.

"Good morning, Mrs. Van Vyck," he said, as they were within hearing distance of some laborers. "I would like to show you these plans in the summer house."

She walked slowly before him down the narrow pathway, her rounded figure undulating gracefully.

"Helen! If you knew how beautiful you were!" The boy exclaimed when he was sitting on a marble bench beside her in the summer house.

She looked hastily about to see if they could be overheard.

"Now, Eric! I told you this foolishness must stop. Tomorrow, I return to New York, and we shall probably not see each other again."

Because he was twenty-one, because he longed to take this gorgeous creature in his arms, the boy was pleading with her. Let her give up an elderly husband, who did not love her; let her abandon her position, the pomp and circumstance of a New York society woman's life—all those millions. What was it all compared to the love he poured at her feet?

Her laughter was musical, and yet hardly unkind. She looked at him, and her red tongue passed over her lips. He was very handsome, and she adored youth—but to give up the VanVyck millions—well, hardly!

She told him all this, making it perfectly clear.

"But if I could just be near you for one hour each day," Eric continued passionately, for in his idle hours, the boy wrote poetry.

"Opportunity, dear Child, is a wonderful thing," Helen smiled at him, "but it must be opportunity without risk. Think that over," and she rose and walked away from him.

Nor did Eric see her again for some time, for the next day, the Van Vycks returned to their enormous mansion on Fifth Avenue, while Eric went back to his modest bachelor apartment on West 24th Street. Meanwhile, he was consumed with desire for her. Once, in a moment of insanity, he telephoned, to be told that Mrs. Van Vyck did not remember his name! He wrote to her, pleading to be allowed to see her—to touch merely the soft ecstacy of one of her little hands—to receive no reply!

In December, he read that Helen Van Vyck was leaving New York for her palace in Florida, and that same day he received a typed and unsigned letter, with the three words: "Opportunity Without Risk." Over these, he puzzled greatly. How attain the rapture of her company without risk? He knew her husband was already jealous of him. So did his longing scourge him through the weeks that followed, when he would remember the summer on Long Island, when she had flirted with the young landscape gardener, but had always denied to him the paradise of her red mouth, the touch of her warm, white skin.

One evening in February, Eric attended the opera. There he saw her in the Van Vyck box. She was beautiful—more beautiful than ever and the sight of her nude shoulders inflamed him the more. He imagined that she smiled at him, but she did not bow.

Later, he walked the streets, unable to sleep. On Park Avenue, a smart town brougham was pulled up by the curb. From an apartment house emerged a pretty little girl, who looked as though she had a rich protector in Wall Street. She smiled and deliberately flirted with the young and good looking chauffeur, as he opened the door for her.

There was born in that instant an Idea in Eric's mind. So the following morning he sold out some Liberty Bonds, which his father had given him, and the same day had an interview with that important person, Hardy, who acted as butler to the VanVyck establishment.

Now Hardy liked money. Eric had some money, and a convincing story that he was about to open a small and exclusive hotel, and, before doing so, wished to learn how the rich and great are served.

"You could 'ardly 'av come to hanyone more fitted to teach you, young feller," the magnificent Hardy summed it up. "Did you say five 'undred in cash? Because I 'ave a sweetheart in Woolorth's and the five hundred would buy a nice fur coat.

Three evenings later, Helen Van Vyck, bored with theatres and receptions, lay on a chaise lounge in her rose and gold boudoir. She was dressed in the flimsiest of negligees.

Orders arrived downstairs that Mrs. Van Vyck would have dinner served to her in her boudoir.

A footman—the new footman—in a neatly fitting green livery, closed the door after him as he entered his lady's presnce.

"You!" Helen exclaimed, raising herself on one white elbow. "Why, you clever, daring boy!"

He knelt beside her, and his arms went around her, while, for the first time, his lips knew the satin of her skin, delighted in her red wet mouth.

"In the sweet and vulgar words of the Musical Comedy" she whispered, as white arms drew down his head to her, "Love will find a way."

A RONDEL TO WINNIE

I know what an ass of myself I am making
By putting my passion for you into print;
The Regular Fellows remark with a squint:
"There's one of them poets, whose heart's always breaking."
Although—that the thirst of my love may have slaking—
I now and then knock off an amorous stint—
I know what an ass of myself I am making
By putting my passion for you into print.
However, whenever I feel myself quaking,
As some He-man friend of mine slips me a hint,
My mortification is lessened by dint
Of the fact that—although I'm sincere and not faking—
I know what an ass of myself I am making.

—J. D.

"Somehow, I have a feeling that if Billy Sunday were to preach a Jeremaid on the awfulness of Young Girls chewing tobacco, every Flapper in the country would try it at least once. Such is the Power of the Pulpit. We sin to please our Preachers."

—Bobby Edwards

The Beer Can and the Can Can have been abolished by the Oil Can.